

# The Nation

SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1913.

## GOOD NEW FICTION

- |                    |                      |
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| The Debit Account  | By Oliver Onions     |
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# The Nation

## Reviews.

### POETIC THEORY AND POETIC FORM.

"The Making of Poetry: A Critical Study of Its Nature and Value." By ARTHUR H. R. FAIRCHILD, Ph.D. (Putnams. 5s. net.)  
"The Listeners." By WALTER DE LA MARE. (Constable. 2s. 6d. net.)

POETICAL theory is always interesting; unless, as sometimes happens, it is obviously a piece of notional speculation without particular reference to the actual practice of poetry. Dr. Fairchild's essay is certainly not that. Its pages are throughout informed by a very wide reading, and, what is more, by a very sincere enjoyment of poetry. Primarily, his book is a candid and penetrating attempt to analyse exactly why poetry has been so enjoyable to him, and why his enjoyment of poetry has been so evidently good for him. His conclusion is admirable. Poetry, he finds, is for human life at its widest and deepest, a "biological necessity"; for it is in poetry, more than in anything else, that man finds the finest possibilities of "self-realisation." Everyone in whom that most artificial of acquired tastes, a dislike for poetry, has not won to mastery, will agree with this; but not everyone can exhibit it as the result of a coherent and logical train of reasoning, as Dr. Fairchild does. Before, however, Dr. Fairchild can come to this agreeable conclusion, he must go into a pretty close investigation of elementary matters; he must decide somehow or other what we really mean by poetry, and how poetry manages to be what it is. All this is ingeniously and, in some places, brilliantly done; the argument is lucid and persuasive, it is helped by much evident knowledge of scientific psychology, and vitalised by insight and scrupulous self-analysis. And yet it is not entirely satisfactory.

A good part of the book, in its early pages, is occupied in simply clearing the ground; in cutting away those troublesome tangles of easy prejudice and inexact thinking which cumber the place where poetic theory must be built, and in ramming the soil firm and compact, ready to support the foundations of the superstructure. It is work which is too often scamped; Dr. Fairchild is noticeably thorough and conscientious. There is not much scope for novelty or daring here, but criticism in general should certainly be the better for the trenchant and determined work Dr. Fairchild has put into this part of his business. In the foundations, however, which Dr. Fairchild has planned to receive his theoretical superstructure, there does appear a decided insufficiency. There are parts of the structure which may be praised almost unreservedly. The pages on "personalising"—on the necessity for the poet to project himself into whatever objects he deals with, or, if you like, to absorb these objects into himself—and on the psychological and aesthetic results of this process are exceedingly good. The work required here is not of so obvious a nature as might be thought; Dr. Fairchild's manner of carrying it out clearly suggests an extension into poetry of the doctrine of "empathy," which Professor Lipps and Vernon Lee have applied to the graphic arts. Such a suggestion was wanted, and might be followed very profitably. Among much other good work, we may mention also Dr. Fairchild's acute analysis of the curiously inverse effect which the idea of "use" or "service" exercises on the poetic significance of imagery: a tiger, for instance, being a more significant creature in poetry than a cow. It is useful, too, to have sheer fantasy, the lighthearted transgression of law, marked down as being really an unwilling witness to the unalterable majesty of law; for

the pleasure in seeing law gaily transgressed necessarily presupposes a strong consciousness of what is transgressed. But this does not, as Dr. Fairchild seems to think, exhaust the whole function of fantasy. Neither is his treatment of verbal rhythm complete, though admirable as far as it goes. Rhythm, he says, intensely organises the language, and by so doing makes rapid apprehension of the novel and perhaps even repellent combinations of imagery, which the poet's language contains, not only more pleasant, but more certain. Unquestionably, this is a function of rhythm, and it has seldom been more clearly exhibited; but rhythm is also a good deal more than the servant of the imagery.

Indeed, if we failed to suspect it at first, we can scarcely help perceiving, when we get to this matter of rhythm, that something must be wrong with Dr. Fairchild's foundations. For he emphasises his contention that versifying (by which he means the formation of rhythmical language) is of secondary importance in poetry; it is only indirectly related, he says, to the internal element out of which poetry is chiefly made. This is a position which his doctrine certainly demands; but surely it is not a tolerable position. Surely, if we put all doctrine and theory out of our minds, we cannot avoid the conviction that rhythm is an absolute first necessity in poetry; even if we extend poetry so far as to include a good deal of prose. The fact is that Dr. Fairchild has left something very important out of his foundations; and the superstructure suffers. He would have the foundations of poetry consist entirely of feeling, plus the mental image, the latter being the means of conveying the former, since feeling cannot be directly communicated. Feeling being the necessary condition of poetry, the mental image, according to him, is the internal substance of poetry from which everything else proceeds; and it is with the poet's method of dealing with the mental image, in order to make it exactly and powerfully convey his feeling, that the most of his book is concerned. But, in the first place, poetry, though it cannot exist without feeling, can exist without imagery; though certainly not for long. Consider, for instance, that great line in Lucretius, which goes: "When immortal death has taken away mortal life." There is nothing in that which can truly be called imagery.

Something has been left out of Dr. Fairchild's reckoning. What is it? The answer is obvious: poetic form. It is scarcely too much to say that the book practically ignores form as a definite independent actuality. The author does, indeed, mention form from time to time; but never with precision, and as a rule only casually. He speaks, for instance, of the poet's "unique method of dealing with images"; he has not told us of this "unique method" before; but what he means is, presumably, a formal method. Again, he speaks of "the effective grouping of images"; this, too, implies form, but in rather a different way. Dr. Fairchild, in fact, throughout his book appears to confuse poetic form, which is a thing peculiar to poetry, with the form derived from the logical and coherent arrangement of images, which is a thing peculiar merely to sanity. But there can be no complete success for a poetic theory which does not, from the beginning, take careful and exact account of poetic form. Poetry differs from other uses of language, not by reason of its imagery, not even because of its exceptionally skilful management of imagery; but because it has a definite form to which the imagery is moulded.

The fact that poetry holds everything within it in a thoroughly formal manner is the essential fact in poetry. Dr. Fairchild attempts to deduce everything from the matter of poetry, and to ascribe whatever form poetry has to the laws inherent in the association of imagery. There is a certain form which comes from the unavoidable working of these laws; but it is not distinctively poetic form. Poetic form is something which exists from the beginning of poetry.

not derived from, but simultaneous with, the chosen matter. The life we experience in poetry does, indeed, obey the necessary laws of all experience; but it is life which is also throughout its whole nature—sometimes obscurely, sometimes evidently, but always inevitably—obedient to something more—to a surrounding masterful requirement for symmetry, definiteness, formality. To a certain extent, this is true of all imaginative dealings with life; since to deal imaginatively with life is, broadly, to make it more vivid—that is, more definite—more clean-cut, more *formed*, than actuality. But in poetry this formality is entirely triumphant; life has completely and unquestioningly submitted to plastic imagination, to man's profound desire for symmetry and formal perfection. This is not offered as a definition of poetry; but the thorough formality of conception and execution does seem to be the essential fact in poetry. The contention will surely be confirmed by any candid examination of poetry itself. Let us, for this purpose, take the work of a living poet—Mr. Walter de la Mare.

In Mr. De la Mare's poetry we find an exquisitely delicate technique dealing, as a rule, with remote and unusual feelings, with mental experiences which are not, indeed, unknown to most of us, but which certainly are so swift and shadowy in their passage that we are very apt to let them go without being really conscious of them. Who has not been startled by the perception, passing as suddenly as it came, that some shadow—say, the shadow of a chimney on a sunlit pavement—has, for an instant, taken the likeness of some supernatural figure? But probably the queer sensation, once gone, would be gone for good. Mr. De la Mare, however, can take this evanescent, out-of-the-way sensation and fix it permanently and unalterably in poetry; the strangely thrilling experience of it is there for anyone who will read his "The Keys of Morning." Mr. De la Mare, having experienced, whether actually or imaginatively, and having congealed into poetry, this sensation, it has taken on an existence quite different from what it had before; it is not only fixed, but the very fact that it is so evanescent apart from its poetic expression is also fixed; and, moreover, it is somehow or other made intensely significant. What is it that Mr. De la Mare has really done? Has he started with a certain feeling, and, by means of well-managed trains of imagery, conveyed it to our minds? That would by no means be to account for the whole of the achievement. Apart from the logical form—the form resulting from a reasonable and intelligible narration of the material—the whole thing has a poetic form; and it is by virtue of this alone that the sensation has its novel existence. The thing was formally conceived; and the primary form has worked itself out through every detail of the composition. Or, again, consider the poem which gives the book its title; we quote the first few lines:—

"'Is there anybody there?' said the Traveller,  
Knocking on the moonlit door;  
And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
Of the forest's ferny floor;  
And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
'Above the Traveller's head;  
And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
'Is there anybody there?' he said."

It is impossible not to perceive that, in these lines, a curious, remote, suggestive feeling has been captured and definitely fixed for as long as the poem may find readers (and that, we dare say, will be a considerable time). It is impossible not to note also both the exquisite skill and the exquisite propriety in the metre, the management of the images, and the choice of the words. But have these things by themselves achieved that capturing and fixation of the poem's elusive substance? Not at all; for these things are not really things in themselves. It is the underlying whole *form* of the poetry that has given to the substance here its novel kind of unique and definite existence; metre, imagery, and diction are but symptoms of the form's thorough penetration. By means of poetic form, and by means of this only, the whole thing has been lifted out of the flux of general consciousness, set apart in its own existence, clearly and definitely crystallised out of fluid experience. Throughout the whole of this remarkable little volume we find the same qualities of wonderfully subtle and delicate craftsmanship, all serving to perfect in final execution the beautiful formality of the original conception; and, by

means of this perfect formalisation of experience, fleeting and uncommon moods are continually captured into definite, fixed existence. The form is the ultimate virtue of the poetry.

#### A RADICAL SOLDIER IN IRELAND.

"Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life." By Major-General Sir ALFRED E. TURNER, K.C.B., C.B. (Methuen. 10s. 6d. net.)

"If I were an Irishman," said Sir John Moore, more than a hundred years ago, "I should be a rebel." It is a curious fact that, during the last thirty years or so, some of the most distinguished generals in the British Army have, in a comparable manner, counter-signed the claims of Irish Nationalism. Lord Wolseley and Lord Roberts, both of them Irishmen born into the ranks of the Ascendancy, have, of course, been vigorous Unionists; that great-hearted crusader, Sir William Butler, indeed, is the only Irish soldier of note who has in recent years been passionately on the side of his countrymen. On the other hand, more than one British soldier, having no caste memories to embitter him, has seen at least a part of the justice of the Irish case. General Gordon did so in the days of the Land War. Sir Redvers Buller, again, as the author of the present volume reminds us, declared before the Cowper Commission in 1886 that the law in Ireland was made for the benefit of the rich and not for the poor, and that the National League was the salvation of the Irish people—a statement which drew from a noble lord who sat on the Commission the remark that "Buller appeared to be all right and well-intentioned, but he was in the hands of a noted Fenian, and allowed himself to be led astray completely."

This brings us to Sir Alfred Turner himself, the "noted Fenian" in question, who accompanied Buller when the latter was appointed as a Special Commissioner to deal with lawlessness in Kerry and Clare. Even before this appointment, Sir Alfred had already filled the posts of Military Secretary to Lord Spencer and Private Secretary to Lord Aberdeen during their Lord-Lieutenancies, and had learned enough about Ireland to see that there was something to be said for its demands, and had been denounced in high places as one who was "much too tarred by the Home Rule brush." It speaks much for his balance of judgment that, though, as Chief Commissioner in Kerry, he was one of the most efficient instruments of Government in the fierce days of Balfourian coercion, and was, therefore, a mark for every barbed phrase in the Nationalist vocabulary, he seems never to have wavered in his belief that Home Rule is what Ireland needs and what Ireland ought to have. He is inclined to exaggerate the Ulster difficulty, it is true; but he contends that, in its reasons for opposing Home Rule, Ulster is utterly wrong. He scorns the idea that under Home Rule there would be religious intolerance on the part of the Catholics. "I never," he writes, "saw anything approaching this during my long stay in Ireland. The only bigotry I discerned was that of the Orangemen, especially at certain seasons." That is exceedingly valuable evidence.

Before we reach the Irish chapters of the book, however—and they are the most important and illuminating—there are many attractive pages of early memories. Sir Alfred, who tells us that he was always of Radical and Socialistic tendencies, had the good fortune, as a young man, to be present when the Hyde Park railings were pulled down in 1867. He was, he declares,

"immensely impressed by the quiet determination of the crowd, which consisted for the most part of respectably-dressed artisans, with very few roughs or criminals."

He had already been in the Army several years by this time, having joined the Royal Artillery at Woolwich in 1861. His most interesting memories of the Army of those days relate to the flogging of soldiers and to the wave of evangelical piety which invaded even the officers' quarters. As regards the latter, he informs us that "it was quite a usual thing in those days to be greeted with the words, 'How is your soul this morning?' instead of the familiar 'How do you do?'" He then goes on to describe a gathering in a brother-officer's rooms, which he attended one night, imagining that he was going to some kind of social entertainment. When he arrived, he found the company assembled round a table, with Bibles laid opposite each chair.

Then an officer of the Horse Artillery rose and gave an address on "The Redemption of Man."

"I remember his appealing to his hearers, and asking them earnestly if they thought any mortal man was capable of equaling the self-sacrifice of the Father in giving up his Son; and, in order to make his point, he came out with the extraordinary question as to whether we thought the Queen would give up the Prince of Wales as a sacrifice for the sins of the generation. This singular proposition was received by the assembled circle with a deep gasp of supreme admiration."

From Woolwich, the author went to India; but he was home again in time to be sent to Ireland during the Fenian troubles. His references to Lord Strathnairn, "the dreaded Commander-in-Chief in Ireland" at this period, give us some idea of the attitude of the shoot-'em-down sort of Army man to the Irish forty or fifty years ago.

"One had only to look at Lord Strathnairn to realise the terrors of his march, as Sir Hugh Rose, through Central India. It was commonly rumored that he was heard to express regret that he could not repeat the performance in Ireland, and stamp out the Fenians—which would probably have furnished the spectacle of a peasant hanging from every tree that could be found; for there are not many of them in Ireland."

While on the subject of Lord Strathnairn and the Fenians, the author tells a curious story that we do not remember having heard before. It refers to the little band of Fenians who were taken prisoners at the Tallaght affair, near Dublin:—

"There were many captives and but few troops to guard them. There was no fear of the prisoners rising, as they were half-starved and in a miserable condition, but it was probable that, under the circumstances, some of them would try to escape. So Lord Strathnairn . . . ordered all the trouser buttons, to which the braces are attached, to be cut off, so that the unfortunate prisoners were compelled, in the face of a very unpleasant alternative, to use their hands as braces, under which circumstances anything like the rapidity essential for effective flight was impossible."

There are men, we imagine, who could more easily forgive an avenue of hangings than ludicrous indignities of this kind.

Sir Alfred Turner's attitude to Ireland, it should be said at once, is as far removed from the emotional Nationalism of Sir William Butler as it is from the hard Imperialism of Lord Strathnairn. Home Rule does not stir him like a banner of freedom; it appeals to him rather as a matter of common-sense. He is no impassioned knight of lost causes; he is simply a brave, honest, clear-sighted, humane soldier, with a manly hatred of oppression and cruelty in all their forms. Thus, though he early saw the justice of the Irish case, he was not unduly embarrassed by being himself a part of the machinery of the Dublin Castle despotism. His first important post in Dublin, as First A.D.C. and Military Private Secretary to Lord Spencer, he did not, of course, enter upon till after the black follies of the Forster régime were over—Forster, of whose Suspect Act the author remarks that the attempt to introduce it in England "would probably have produced a revolution." But, after a period of service in the Gordon Expedition in the Soudan—and how alive the incidents of that expedition become in his pages, to say nothing of the engrossing narrative he quotes of the experiences of the Mahdi's Christian prisoners!—he returned to Dublin to take up office, first for a short spell with Lord Aberdeen, and then under Sir Michael Hicks Beach and Mr. Balfour. Writing of the brief Salisbury Government of 1885, when the Tories were generally known to be coqueting with the Nationalists, Sir Alfred relates a conversation he had with an Irish judge at the time, which throws a curious light on Tory methods of playing with the good name of Ireland:—

"He had just come from circuit in the West, and he told me that he had ascertained without a doubt that confidential orders had been sent to the police officials throughout Ireland to minimise the reports of crime in their districts to the uttermost, for the purpose of showing that there was no need for exceptional legislation, and that, as he supposed, the country was ripe for Home Rule."

Surely, few countries can have had their name and fame more cynically blackened and whitened in turn by the party politicians than Ireland!

Working under Sir Redvers Buller, and succeeding him as Special Commissioner of Police in Kerry and Clare, the author found it a part of his duty to superintend some of the worst evictions of modern times. That is, he had to be present to protect the Sheriff on these occasions. So deeply

was his indignation stirred by what he saw in the course of the Glenleigh evictions, he tells us, that he gave the local priest £5 towards a fund for the victims, binding him not to publish his name:—

"He was, however, apparently so overcome by his feelings that he could not keep the matter to himself, and when it became known, 'asinine,' 'sentimental,' 'mischievous' were the mildest epithets applied to me by the 'governing' classes, and I was regarded with more suspicion than ever."

No one who is interested in Ireland should miss reading those pages in which the evictions and the riots and the suppressions of meetings during Mr. Balfour's Chief Secretaryship are described. They give the story from a new point of view—the point of view of a gallant soldier who, in his heart, sided with the people against whom he was fighting rather than with the people for whom he fought. It is not the personal tragedies of the time that he reveals to us: his merit is to suggest something of the stir and incident of agrarian war. An admirable narrator, he gives us a vivid idea of those passionate defences of the peasants' homes. The whole nervous passion of a quasi-Russian day, again, comes to life in such a half-comic story as that which tells us of the suppression of the Ennis meeting in 1888, when

"a hussar broke out of the ranks, drew his sword, and rode amok into the archway, where he cut at the tall hat of Mr. Hill, the correspondent of the 'Irish Times,' and wounded his ear. This took place in a second, and before Colonel Challoner could stop him, when he was promptly placed in arrest. Being asked why he had attacked a harmless, unarmed gentleman, he gave it, as his extraordinary excuse, that 'he thought he was a member.'"

Another lawless day at Kilrush, again, is suggested almost with a novelist's art in the story of a certain policeman's thirst for battle. The police, on this occasion, had charged and dispersed a crowd; but, on their recall, one of them was missing. Alarmed lest he might have been surrounded and perhaps killed, the officer in charge was about to send in search of him, when "an object like a scarecrow appeared approaching us."

"His helmet was battered down, blood was trickling from his face and head over the tattered remains of a tunic; his other garments were in much the same state, and he carried the butt end of his carbine. He staggered like a drunken man, owing to the loss of blood, towards his comrades, and as he joined them he was heard to say, 'Begorrah, boys, this is the first time I ever had rale satisfaction!' What had taken place was never exactly elucidated, but he seems to have overtaken some of the flying crowd, who turned on him, with the result that he got much the worst of it. As he was quite satisfied, and said that he would not identify any of his foes . . . nothing but amusement resulted from the affair."

It will be seen from the passages we have quoted that "Sixty Years of a Soldier's Life" is not the usual procession of anecdotes and gossip about the famous to which we are accustomed in books of reminiscences. It is a real story of a career, a record of personal experiences. What Sir Alfred Turner has to tell is almost always interesting quite apart from the introduction of the names of well-known persons. This means that he has written an autobiography of unusual excellence. His personal references to soldiers, statesmen, and others, of course, make good reading—his note on Lord Salisbury's taste for blackthorn sticks, for example, and his description of the "wonderful appearance" of Parnell in his last days, as he spoke at Tralee, "his long hair floating in the wind, and with wild gesticulations." But the book owes its attraction mainly to the fact that it is the very human story of the working years of a generous, clever, and common-sense soldier's life.

#### A GREAT SCOTTISH STATESMAN.

"Maitland of Lethington, the Minister of Mary Stuart: A Study of his Life and Times." By E. RUSSELL. (Nisbet. 15s. net.)

THERE is no period in history, perhaps, that is more dominated and colored by one personality than that of which this narrative treats. The beautiful and fascinating woman who had such an extraordinary power over men's hearts that the influence of it is felt to this day, casts her spell also over the driest of historians. Nearly every volume that deals with the times of Mary, Queen of Scots, is strongly partisan in tone. Her apologists write of her as if they were in the

very presence of her strange beauty, which lay not so much in perfection of form or feature as in some mysterious inner force of attraction. The quality that could transmute all her intercourse with human kind, from the humblest menial service upwards, into a thing of pure passion, has made Queen Mary a luminous figure for all time. It is not unnatural that the men and women who played their part in the tragic history of Scotland towards the close of the sixteenth century should have been judged largely by their relations to her and to her cause. Maitland of Lethington is among the statesmen of the time that have suffered most from this attitude, for he satisfies neither party in a great historical controversy. He has come down to us, in Buchanan's bitter satire of the "Chameleon"; and it is in this character he appears in Mr. Maurice Hewlett's brilliant tragic essay, "The Queen's Quair." Skelton's biography, published a quarter of a century ago, has been rendered out of date by much work that has been published since then, and most of all by the issue in 1905 of the fourth volume of the "State Papers, Scotland and Mary, 1571-74." It is on the mass of official documents and State Papers newly available that the work under review is almost exclusively founded.

Not much is known of the early years of Maitland of Lethington. It is probable that, after leaving the University of St. Andrew's, he spent some years abroad, studying at the seats of learning of France, Germany, and Italy, for it is evident that his range of culture and learning was unusually wide for the time. He was a man of very brilliant parts, and was a classical scholar, as well as being familiar with the literatures of European countries. But his most valuable endowment as a statesman lay in his knowledge of the world and of men. He was a born diplomatist, commanding respect by his intellect, and charming by his fascinating personality, his wit, and his tact.

Maitland was thirty years of age when he received the appointment as Secretary of State to the Queen Regent, Mary of Guise. All high offices in the State at that time were held for life, and Maitland remained Secretary till his death, though there were times when he was out of favor at Court, and when the office was in abeyance. The character of the man, though much new light is shed upon it in this volume, must always remain ambiguous. It is difficult to decide about the central motive of his life. He was not greedy of money or of power. He was never, so far as one can judge, in thrall to the Queen. Love for his country, and a very real desire to see England and Scotland at peace—"You know the mark I always shoot at is the union of these two realms in perpetual friendship," he writes—are the recurring notes all through his letters. If patriotism was really his passion, and if all men were to him merely pawns in the game where the future of his country was concerned, then it is intelligible why he appeared to play fast and loose with both sides in the national struggle. It explains also why he "looked through his fingers," in the common parlance of the day, at crimes that he was not directly implicated in. It seems to have been an accepted standard among statesmen of the time, and no one was the least ashamed of it. And, as motive must count for something, to do so in the public interest was less base than to serve some private end of greed or passion.

This narrative—for it claims to be no more than a narrative—is a straightforward and scholarly setting forth of the history of the time. It follows the course of events in close chronological order, with references on almost every page to the authorities quoted. All the pitiful story of the loves and crimes of the beautiful, tragic woman is told without passion and without bias. The history of Scotland and of the relations between the two countries is bound up with that story, and Maitland's history is, in the main, a record of his attempts to bridge over impassable gulfs and to explain away the unexplainable. In the earlier years of the reign, his loyalty to the Queen was unquestionable. Throughout the long negotiations with England, and the many attempts to bring about a meeting between Mary and Elizabeth, it is clear that he was trying to put the best face on things, and to see his royal mistress in the most favorable light. After the Darnley murder, he can have had no illusions left, though his connivance at the plot may have been dictated as much by a conviction that the young King must be got out of the way in the interests of

high diplomacy as by the necessity for giving in to Mary's mad passion. Maitland's statesmanship would seem to have failed him at this point. He did not realize that the ethical and moral sense of the people, under the guidance of Knox and his followers, was on a far higher level than that of the Council Chamber and the Court. Public feeling had been already excited about Court scandals, and the murder of Darnley roused it to the pitch of frenzy. It was denounced from the Reform pulpits, and the names of the conspirators were placarded in public places. All this popular indignation may have had its effect in changing Maitland's attitude towards the Queen; but it was not until after the Bothwell marriage that he openly wavered in his allegiance. From that time, it would almost seem that Maitland only thought of Mary as a pawn in the game. When he plotted and intrigued for the restoration in the later years of his life, it was because he believed that the country he loved and served could be made more powerful with the Queen on the throne than under the Regency.

The whole episode of the Darnley murder, from the Riccio plot to the Bothwell marriage, takes on a different color now that the authenticity of the casket letters has been accepted. Mary's apologists, and there are still many, based their disbelief in the letters on the imperfect and garbled translations that were circulated by her detractors. But Letter II., about which the fiercest controversy raged, was at length admitted to be genuine by Andrew Lang; and after that it may be generally accepted. The discovery and "sighting" of those letters was the turning-point in the history of the Queen of Scots. They put a strain on the devotion and loyalty of her friends that was hard to bear, and they justified the desertion of those who had begun to waver. To Maitland they meant the death-blow to his cherished dreams of the recognition of the Scottish succession by Elizabeth.

The most valuable original part of this life is that dealing with the close of Maitland's career, with the years that have covered his name with obloquy, and made it a byword among the partisans on either side. His devotion to the cause of the union of the two countries, and his change of sides with that single aim in view, might have earned him fame and honor but for the one great flaw in his statesmanship; for, says Mr. Russell:

"The real charge, from which his memory cannot be freed, is that in a world-historical crisis, like that of the sixteenth century, with its inexorable historical conditions, he did not perceive that religion was the dominant force of the age—that it had submerged almost every other, nationality, patriotism, and the like—that as a common religion alone had laid the foundations of Union, so a common religion alone could complete the edifice . . . and that the attempt to make use of the Catholic Powers to promote it . . . could only lead to confusion and disaster."

#### THE "FEAST OF ST. LUCY."

"Sixty Years in the Wilderness: More Passages by the Way." By Sir HENRY LUCY. (Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d. net.)

"A rot of ale, but no politics, sir," said the knife-grinder. Sir Henry Lucy can remember the day when ale, or a stiffer beverage, washed down the politics of the older lions of Fleet Street; but the fashion was even then declining. For himself, he seems from an early age to have found politics sufficing, and all readers of the best political *précis* and gossip of our time have been the gainers.

The political dishes in this "feast" are abundant. A red-hot one was served up for the country some thirty-three years ago, when, in the autumn of 1879, Mr. Gladstone made his first descent on Midlothian. Lucy, at that time chief of the gallery staff of the "Daily News," called on his manager, with an offer to go northwards:

"Robinson pooh-poohed the suggestion. Gladstone's power in the country, he said, was hopelessly broken, never to be re-established. Three days later I received an urgent telegram, summoning me to Bouverie Street, where I was instructed to proceed to Edinburgh by the earliest train. A great deal had happened in the brief interval. The veteran statesman's journey northward had been a triumphal progress. At every town where the train pulled up a vast crowd besieged the railway station, listening with enthusiasm to a stirring address, occasionally interrupted by the sudden onward movement of the train by direction of the guard."

Gladstone's friends suspected the guard of being in a Tory plot; but, after all, he had to get his train home in

time. It was a bold adventure that Gladstone had embraced, and the result flattered the adventurer, "leading up to the capture of the Tory stronghold, the sweeping away of Disraeli's majority, and the inevitable succession of Gladstone to the Premiership."

The "great schism" brought about by Mr. Chamberlain's proclamation of Fair Trade; Lord Randolph Churchill's "forgetting" of Goschen; and the tragic ending of Parnell's career are among the *pièces de résistance* on Sir Henry's well-furnished table. Parnell

"was a curious mixture of icy self-confidence and uncontrollable rage. Those who knew him since his first appearance in the House of Commons, recognised in the paroxysm of passion that broke forth in Committee Room No. 15 revival of earlier habit. His old associates knew all along that the restrained, imperturbable manner assumed by him after he was confirmed in the Leadership of the party was merely a mask. The Parnell heard raving through Ireland after the Thanes had fled from his side was the true man, the one who used, from the Sessions of 1875 to 1877 inclusive, to hiss out his words between clenched teeth as he addressed the House of Commons, standing before it pale with passion, almost cataleptic in the fierce intensity of ungovernable rage."

Henry Labouchere, "Labby, the friendly broker," is the subject of one of Sir Henry's most lifelike sketches. A good-natured cynic and a thorough Radical, such was the catholicity of "Labby's" mind that he was usually on the happiest terms with the leaders of all parties. His real influence, Sir Henry says, was felt chiefly beyond the range of the Speaker's eye; in the smoking-room or the Lobby or on the Terrace of the House, and, during the Recess, in the smoking-room of the Reform Club. There was no better story-teller, no more insatiable plotter in a little intrigue of his own contriving. Few in the House could resist his charm. "He was one of the few, perhaps the only man, whom Parnell treated with approach to confidence." He could usually be reckoned on for a surprise of some sort, and perhaps the greatest he ever created was when he suddenly, and voluntarily, exiled himself to Florence—he, to whom, for so many years, London had been the one indispensable place in Europe.

Of a greater and more successful adventurer in politics we have a pathetic glimpse. It is of Beaconsfield at the grave of his wife:—

"Utterly regardless of the heavy rain, he walked bare-headed the whole distance from the Manor House to the church, and stood for full ten minutes in the sodden grass by the vault, the cold wind playing with his suspiciously dark hair turning up streaks of white in unexpected places. Through the journey from Manor House to the last home, and whilst the coffin was being lowered into the vault, Disraeli never once took his eyes off it, regarding it with a steadfast, sad, almost hungry look, as if he grudged the grave its custody. When it reached the bottom of the vault, he seemed to fall into a kind of trance. It was only after Mr. Corry nudged him twice that he awoke with a start, and took the wreath he was to drop upon the coffin lid."

A lobbyist, at one time almost as well known as any Member of the House, was Carlo Pellegrini, the cartoonist, "Ape," of "Vanity Fair." A little, plump, bearded man, in a short, square jacket and silk hat, "he was as regular in attendance as one of the door-keepers," and as he made no pretence whatever about his business, it was easy to tell by his movements who was going to turn up next in "Vanity Fair." Pellegrini, as Sir Henry says, treated his subject precisely as if he were a lay figure; circling slowly round and round him, "scanning his features, his dress, his pose, the size of his feet, and the hang of his arms." In the days of his best vigor, Pellegrini rarely made a note of any kind, producing his caricature almost entirely from memory. In the decline of his health he relied, to some extent, on photographs, and received sitters in his chambers in Mortimer Street. The present writer took to him there the last subjects he ever drew, one of whom was James Payn.

A very interesting chapter gives us peeps at six famous explorers: Stanley, Nansen, Sir Harry Johnston, Sven Hedin, Sir Ernest Shackleton, and Schliemann. Stanley, on his return from Central Africa, made a fortune as a lecturer, receiving £1,000 for his first performance, and £100 for each repetition. Shackleton, on the other hand, was faced by a terrible deficit. His book and lectures ought to have made him at least comfortable for life; but the whole of the money was mortgaged in advance to pay off the costs of the

Antarctic Expedition. Sir Henry wrote a signed article in a London newspaper setting forth the facts:—

"Before noon on the day of publication the editor received a letter from a well-known man suggesting the opening of a public subscription which the writer headed with a cheque for £500. It happened, however, that the brief article had attracted the attention of the Prime Minister. On reading it, he sent for Shackleton, and the result of the conversation was that the explorer received a Treasury grant of £20,000. . . . Shackleton made rare acknowledgment of this small service. Preparing the chart of his Antarctic route which accompanied his book, he gave names to three mountains discovered by him and marked thereon. One was Mount Asquith, a second Mount Harcourt (after the Colonial Secretary), the third Mount Henry Lucy."

Schliemann, who spoke a dozen languages well, began life in a grocer's shop at Fürstenburg, where he spent five years.

"He told me that he never smells a herring without there flashing upon his memory a picture of the grocer's shop and the little boy in a blouse sorting the herrings, dispensing the butter, and filling up spare time by grinding potatoes out of which a dubious liquid was distilled. From five in the morning till ten or eleven at night he grubbed away, excavating in the butter cask with all the diligence and single-mindedness with which, in later years, he turned up the priceless treasures hidden at Mycenae and Tiryns."

Under date "Nov. 21, 1891" there is a curious little entry about "Hansard." How many of us have ever thought of "Hansard" as a human being? Sir Henry says:—

"Up to a period three years back, and for a time before that going beyond the memory of many men, there was seen in the Lobby of the House a little old gentleman whose identity puzzled newcomers. He was certainly not a member, and since he always appeared, summer and winter, in an overcoat and with an umbrella in his hand, he could hardly be an official of the House. He did not talk to many people, and generally stood by the doorman's seat watching the busy, ever-changing throng that fills the Lobby through the long night. This was Mr. Hansard, proprietor of the famous Reports of the Parliamentary proceedings."

Presently, under a Conservative Government,

"'Hansard' was abolished in favor of a newer arrangement, and the little old gentleman, wandering about the Lobby with feebler step and at longer intervals, vanished from the scene. And now he is dead. His heart was broken when there was taken out of his hand work that had been in the family for nearly a century."

But, perhaps, the gem of Sir Henry's engrossing pages is this:—

"38, Berkeley Square, W.,

"March 22, '89.

"My dear Mr. Lucy,—You have, alas! fixed for your dinner a day of private fasting and humiliation to me.

"You don't understand that May 7 is a domestic tragedy, the *mise en scène* of which is the bosom of my family. I should never be allowed to dine out on that day.

"On that melancholy anniversary I scrape myself with a potsherd, and decorate my few remaining hairs with ashes. Nor do I take meat, or drink, or repose. In short, it is my birthday.

"Surely your last 'Observer' article is one of the best?

"Yours sincerely,

"ROSEBERY."

Even if this be the sole effusion of its kind, it gives Lord Rosebery a place among the letter-writers.

#### CALVIN AND HIS AGE.

"The Life and Times of Calvin." Translated from the Dutch of L. PENNING by the Rev. B. S. BARRINGTON. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

For some time past there has been a marked reaction in favor of Calvin among writers on Protestant history and theology. The celebration in 1909 of the fourth centenary of the Reformer's birth brought forth quite a considerable literature, the avowed object of which was to reach a better understanding of the man, and to present him and his work in a truer perspective. Few men, indeed, had suffered more at the hands of friends and foes alike than had Calvin. He was always looked at through the system known by his name, and its repellent harshness was allowed to set him in the most unfavorable light. It was high time, therefore, that sounder and more historical views should be heard, and there is now no lack of material for forming a true judgment as to the significance of this man, and of the work he did. The book before us is a curious and interesting contribution

to this better understanding. It gives a lively and popular account of Calvin, and of the age in which he lived, from the standpoint of an ardent admirer both of the man and of his work. Though it has been well and carefully translated, it suffers a good deal from its author's style. The narrative part of it may be described as *staccato*—abounding in brief paragraphs, apostrophes, and notes of exclamation. But, if the reader can overcome his first impatience, and persevere, he will find that he is gathering an unmistakably vivid impression of the man Calvin, and of the many stirring events and controversies in which he was engaged. The book can hardly be regarded as serious history. Mr. Penning troubles himself very little with authorities, and scarcely ever refers to his sources of information. He writes always *currente calamo*, and is at no pains to conceal his own enthusiasm for his hero, and for the cause he represents. At the same time, he avoids any extreme partisanship, and the picture he draws, though strictly of the impressionist order, will bear the light of day. It has, at any rate, this advantage, that it corrects the too common impression of Calvin as a mere theological dry-as-dust, and shows him to be a very human person indeed. The writer shrinks from no detail in his efforts to set before us the portrait of a most engaging and powerful personality; and it is just those apparently irrelevant little touches in which he delights, that give life and point to his story.

The special contribution which Calvin made to the Protestant Reformation, and the lasting nature of his influence, were due to certain combinations of circumstances, which emerge very clearly in Mr. Penning's narrative. To begin with, Calvin was a Frenchman, with all the keenness and vivacity, and with the clarity of thought and speech, peculiar to his race. He was a child of the Renaissance, and had, in many respects, more affinity with Erasmus than with Luther. If the latter was his father in the faith, he owed to the former his intellectual grasp and his historical sense. He began with Humanism, and built up his religious system on the foundations which it supplied. The result of this was seen in the Reformed Church, which was better grounded in history and in Scripture than the Lutheran, showed a more comprehensive spirit, and reached a more logical conclusion. The personal influence which Calvin wielded over his contemporaries, and, through them, over the Church, can hardly be exaggerated. It shows him to have been by no means the austere and intolerant being often supposed, but rather a man of singular attractiveness, and capable of winning the devotion of others in an unusual degree.

Further, it must be remembered that on French and Swiss soil the Reformation followed a different course from that in Germany. It was born and cradled and grew up amid persecution. The consciousness of this is never absent from Mr. Penning's pages, as the experience of it was never absent from Calvin and his friends. It was this that brought the Church out on to the open stage of history, put iron into its blood, and gave to it that political impulse which afterwards proved so real a hindrance to its spiritual growth. Scholar and saint as he was, Calvin was compelled also to become a man of affairs, and his genius for organisation then stood him in good stead. His correspondence shows him keeping the consciences of statesmen, and acting as guide, philosopher, and friend to rulers and kings. At the same time he put something of his own indomitable spirit into the rank and file of the Protestant Church. As Mr. Penning says:—

"Under the genial direction of Calvin, Geneva became the University where the heroes and martyrs of Protestantism were educated. Here was their cradle: the Calvinistic view of life, with its unshaken doctrine of predestination, instilled steel into their blood. From this little insignificant spot of the world they went forth into the high road of life. No river, no sea, no mountain could stop them; they possessed the blind obedience of the Jesuits, without the gloomy heretical hatred which animated them. They ventured into England, where under the rule of Henry VIII., no man's life was safe; into Spain, France, and Italy, where the scaffold awaited them. They were bound to the strangling pole and left there to die; the flames of the funeral pyre beat into their faces; they were cast into dungeons, where the light of the sun and moon never shone."

Only as we keep in mind the prevalence of this atmosphere of persecution and the moral corruption of the age and place can we hope to form a true judgment of Calvin's

policy at Geneva, and of his treatment of heresy in the person of Servetus. Mr. Penning shows clearly enough how necessary were the drastic regulations of the Church-State, and how they provided a real antiseptic against the corruption of the time. If we accept the view of the time that heresy is worse than sin, something, no doubt, may be said in mitigation of the murder of Servetus, though it will still remain the darkest blot on Calvin's career. The man must be judged by the standard of his age, though, as he rose above it in so many respects, it remains to be regretted that he did not rise above it in more.

With his theological work, Mr. Penning deals only, as it were, in passing, and so does something less than justice to Calvin as a constructive thinker. However little one may agree with the characteristic features of his theology, it is impossible not to admire the learning, originality, and logical power of his work. His style is sober, and even melancholy; but full of passion and conviction. He made the French of his day into a literary language, and his contribution to sacred learning was of inestimable value. As commentator and critic, he set an example of sanity and relevance, which even modern scholars might do well to emulate. He had a real historical sense, and a judgment which was seldom at fault. It was this combination of scholar and saint, of visionary and man of affairs, which made him the chief personal force in the creation of the Reformed Church, and has left the whole of Christendom in his debt.

#### TWO STUDIES OF INSANITY.

"The First Signs of Insanity: Their Prevention and Treatment." By BERNARD HOLLANDER. (Stanley Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)

"The Insanity of Passion and Crime." By L. FORBES WINSLOW. (Ouseley. 10s. 6d. net.)

DR. HOLLANDER's volume cannot be regarded as a text-book on insanity; he deals chiefly with the early phases of mental disorder. In his opinion, a great deal of insanity could be prevented if the early symptoms were more seriously considered, and the patients put under guardianship in private houses before it is found necessary to certify them for treatment in an asylum. In Scotland, since 1866, a physician has been able on his own certificate, which is not sent to the Commissioners in Lunacy, to place a patient, whose insanity is not confirmed, in any private house, and under any guardian he may choose, for a period not exceeding six months. Eighteen to twenty per cent. of all the pauper lunatics in Scotland are living in private dwellings, whereas in England we are afraid of having a lunatic on the premises. This treatment is, of course, costly; but it gives the patient a better chance of recovery, as he has the companionship of healthy minds, instead of those that are diseased. It is now proposed to start reception homes for early and acute cases, where adequate treatment will be given and the cases carefully watched. It is believed that a considerable proportion of these patients will be able to return to their own homes without having entered an asylum. The London County Council is building a home of this description at Denmark Hill—the late Dr. Maudsley left £30,000 for this specific purpose. The results of this interesting experiment will be anxiously awaited.

It is comforting to those of us who are capable of enjoying a glass of wine to know that alcohol *per se* is not a cause of insanity, and that it only has a deleterious effect on those who have an unstable nervous system. Amongst the causes of idiocy and feeble-mindedness, Dr. Hollander mentions insufficient and improper feeding of infants. He says: "A child born perfectly healthy, and of healthy parents, but half-starved during the whole period of its infancy, is liable to grow up imbecile or demented, owing to an un-nourished brain, or a brain badly nourished during the growing period." This is a very important matter from the public health point of view, and suggests that the work at present being done by schools for mothers and infant consultations is of the very greatest value for the future welfare of the nation. We are surprised that the author has not brought forward any data to corroborate his views. We agree with him that intestinal irritation, due to wrong feeding, causes convulsions in infants; in fact, any form of irritation is prone to upset

a delicate nervous system; but we are not aware of any published statistics which will show the connection between malnutrition and mental deficiency. Some of the remarks of our school medical inspectors suggest that such a connection is possible in certain cases, and it is probable that in the near future we may have some reliable *data* to go upon if the systems of school medical inspection and infant consultations are unified.

Dr. Hollander is a believer, not only in the localisation of the sensori-motor areas in the cortex of the brain, but also in the localisation of the mental faculties. Dr. Forbes Winslow, on the other hand, disbelieves in all localisation of function in the brain. His ideas on this subject are practically identical with the French physiologists of 1870, and in a recent letter to the "Athenaeum," he is evidently content that they should remain so; he entirely ignores the works of Hughlings-Jackson and others who have shown that there is definite evidence of localisation of certain functions of the brain. Dr. Hollander says "that all we need agree upon for the present is that there is a relationship between certain parts of the brain and certain physical states and qualities." We fail, however, to find any evidence in the volume before us which would make it possible for us to agree to the above statement. The author, it would appear, has some leanings towards a form of phrenology. Dr. J. Shaw Bolton, working in the London County Council Laboratory, has recently shown that certain areas on the surface of the brain are invariably affected in the brains of all insane people. If we translate the views of the modern psychologist into neurological terms, we shall find that the ideas which they hold with regard to the "ego" and the split-off complex resemble the psychological side of dissociation of the nervous channels of the cortex; it is in these channels or the areas of the brain where the mechanism of association is believed to take place, that Dr. Bolton has found disease in the brains of the insane. With regard to psychical states and their localisation, this is all that science can tell us.

Dr. Hollander believes in the value of hypnotism in certain selected cases, and he regrets that the profession have not given this treatment a fair trial. We would remind him that the late Dr. Charcot, at the Salpêtrière in Paris, had an extensive experience of hypnotism in functional diseases of the nervous system, and that many years before he died he had virtually given up this form of treatment, because he found it to be useless.

Both authors give a useful epitome of the legal aspect of insanity, and show how this conflicts with the medical point of view. They also demonstrate in what direction our criminal law should be modified in dealing with criminal lunatics.

#### SCHOLARLY HISTORY.

"The Minority of Henry III." By KATE NORGATE. (Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a painstaking and accurate piece of work, such as we should all expect from Miss Norgate; and, if it is not always easy reading, it will long remain of value to the student. A less conscientious writer might simply have given us a string of picturesque scenes from these ten years of troubled politics and civil war. Miss Norgate prefers to make sure of every step by full comparison and discussion of the documentary evidence. But she lacks the last and rarest quality of an historian—the consuming energy which subdues the most intractable material, digests the roughest and coarsest pabulum, turns it into flesh and blood, and labors hours, days, weeks, to spare the reader five minutes' extra labor or a single moment of uncertainty as to the writer's drift. We have here the whole history of Henry III.'s minority; but only on the condition of pausing at intervals to clear our own impressions as we go along. In some parts, indeed, we cannot wish one detail away, as in all the passages where Miss Norgate deals with the personal presentment of William the Marshall, from his "waste-meat" boyhood to the hale old age which earned equal respect from men who had scarcely any other point of agreement. We cannot hear too much of him of whom John said, "I trust in his loyalty more than in that of any other man," and John's enemy, Philip Augustus, "he was the most loyal man I ever knew in any place where I have been." But in other places the

tale drags, while the author is striving to present the facts in the full light of all her sources. Moreover, a little healthy impatience might, in some places, make even for greater truth of detail. Miss Norgate hints no doubt of the chronicler who tells us that two mangonels at Winchelsea hurled stones almost to Rye, or a distance of something like two miles (23); that the young Count de la Perche, after a fatal lance-thrust, which pierced to his brain, took his sword in both hands, and struck three mighty blows, which visibly dinted his adversary's helmet (42); or that only five men were slain in the Battle of Lincoln—it is pretty obvious that her sources speak only of knights and men-at-arms, omitting the meaner footmen who did not count for a feudal historian. Again, is there any real "puzzle" in the fact of a Legate, while coming to terms with Louis, stipulating that this Prince should obtain formal confirmation of the Treaty from the Pope? (58). Popes have very frequently disavowed their Legates when a powerful sovereign has made it worth their while; and Gualo was here fortifying himself against an obvious danger. It is difficult, also, to follow Miss Norgate's reasoning from Princess Joan's legitimation to her probable parentage (89).

But it would be most unjust, amid such criticisms of detail, to lose sight of the main fact that Miss Norgate has here presented us with the results of years of fruitful labor, and has added a wealth of references to original sources, for which all students must be grateful.

#### A MUSICAL THEORIST.

"Music and Nationalism: A Study of English Opera." By CECIL FORSYTH. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

MR. FORSYTH's main thesis is that what he calls "national musical productivity" is in inverse proportion to world-power in general and to sea-power in particular. To support this solemn declaration, he indulges in some very pretty dialectical gymnastics. The musician, it seems, does not derive any stimulus from the outside, as the poet and painter do. He "interiorises," while they "exteriorise." It follows, according to Mr. Forsyth, that when "the national mind" (Heaven save us!) is occupied with exteriorisation the composer cannot work up enough interiorisation to get into the swing of really good music. Mr. Forsyth, to be sure, is a little hazy as to some of his own premisses. The musician, he tells us in one place, is "wholly self-centred": "he looks for his stimulus to nothing outside his own personality." "Lock the painter, the poet, and the sculptor up within four bare walls . . . and in ten years they will produce nothing but from memory. Lock the musician up . . . rob him of every external impression possible; take away even sight and hearing—and he will continue his artistic development unchecked by his surroundings." Yet only some thirty pages earlier, scorn is poured on "the attempt to regard composers as writing, so to speak, in a hermetically sealed vacuum, free from outside pressure." After this dubiety as to what the connection really is between the musical brain and the outside world, it is not surprising to find Mr. Forsyth, in all seriousness, regarding a whole nation—and at one time even the whole of Europe—as animated by but a single thought. Perfectly meaningless phrases like "the continual projection of the national mind outwards" are frequent. The theory that nations that have succeeded in acquiring world-power have failed in music, and *vice versa*, is eked out by some strange manipulations of history, and by some marvellous hedging in the face of awkward facts. When you point out to Mr. Forsyth, for instance, that both Spain and England, in the sixteenth century, produced great schools of music at a time when "the national mind" was—according to the author—occupied with the idea of world-power, he blandly tells you that these phenomena were "overthrows" from the preceding century! The musical egg had really been laid in a previous epoch of "interiorisation," but somehow or other its hatching was delayed until it happened to coincide with an epoch of "exteriorisation"! Mr. Forsyth lays it down, let us say, that only a man with red whiskers can run from Charing Cross to Leicester Square without stopping. You produce for him hundreds of men with whiskers black, and whiskers brown, and whiskers grey, and no whiskers at all, who can run the course with ease. Then the nimble Mr.

Forsyth tries to bowl you over with the remark that though these men have not red whiskers, their fathers or grandfathers must have had them, and it is the "overthrow" of these that keeps the other-colored fellows' legs going. "Arter that," as the gentleman says in Dickens—!

When this bee is not buzzing in Mr. Forsyth's bonnet he writes learnedly and agreeably on the history of music, especially operatic music, in England, on opera texts and libretto translations, the possibilities of English as an operatic language, and kindred topics. On matters such as the foundation of a "national" school of English opera he is no more convincing than on the central thesis of his book. He sees all kinds of evils flow from "the foreigner" who settles in England and writes music. He might remember that a half-foreigner, Beethoven, is one of the glories of "German" music, and that the Belgian Cesar Franck did more for "French" music than any French composer of his generation.

#### MAULA BUX, THE ELEPHANT.

"The Life of an Elephant." By S. EARDLEY-WILMOT. (Arnold. 7s. 6d. net.)

We know something of the elephant as a very large animal, clothed in hard, dry skin, under which the scaffold bones of his anatomy show in marked points and ridges. He marches stolidly over the gravel, in blazing sunshine, swinging his trunk from side to side in search of buns. Sir S. Eardley-Wilmot tells us of an elephant that is at all points astonishingly different. His chief endeavor by day is to get out of the sunshine, into the dark and dripping depths of the forest. There he will cover himself in a mound of leaves, like a child under a haycock, to preserve his supple and tender skin from the bites of the gadfly. He bathes every day, and uses unguent mud and currycombs from the trees to keep the skin of his round body in condition, and instead of shovelling forage into his mouth without discrimination, he selects his alimentary and medicinal salads through the forests of jungle or mountain with the care of an epicure.

Quite exquisite is the opening scene in the life of our elephant. There are foothills and saddle of the mountains, with hiding and revealing strands of mist, into which the herd goes straight, in single file, on its way to the day's retreat. Then a hermit of the pass, human dot of Maula Bux's sinister destiny, "in demeanor and movement giving the instantaneous impression of physical endurance and courage," takes up the trail, and runs and carries news of it to the village. The stockaded den of men has just as much place in the environment of a wild elephant's life as the den of a jackal, or of a tiger, sometimes starved enough to fight a mother elephant for her calf. It turns out in the end to have more. We learn something of the growing-up of a young elephant, of the sovereignty of the herd bull and its passing, of the agility of elephants, of prudence, of wisdom, of courage, and of the joys of wild life. Then comes the treachery of the tame female elephant, and captivity.

Here is not nearly the end of the story. Maula Bux does not go to the Zoo, or learn to stand all four feet at once on a tub. There are plenty of really worthy adventures for the captive elephant; in fact, among all that we know of elephant existence, the greater part of them belongs to this phase. So varied and responsible are the incidents of helping man to hunt tigers and other of the jungle tribes, that it is this page of the book, and not those of his early childhood and adolescence, that Maula Bux regrets when he afterwards becomes a State elephant.

His life has now been long bound up with that of Kareem, his "mahout," indispensable to the career of an elephant he has once trained as Svengali to that of Trilby. The regrets for the forest become vocal in Kareem, but no reader can doubt that they have the silent acquiescence of Maula Bux. In a purely physical sense, he misses the varied diet, which in cities must be replaced by stale and even tainted forage. The madness called "must" begins upon him, he cannot take his three hours' sleep, and there is "the discharge from the temporal gland which is a certain though not constant sign of this distemper."

The reader sees the tragedy brewing, and is helpless to prevent it. So is even the wise Kareem, for he cannot gauge the enormous strength of this unusual elephant when the

madness is upon him. Fetter snap like packthread, and Maula Bux rushes off to the forest. There is nothing for a mad elephant but a bullet or the volley that dispatched a famous one at Exeter Change. The author saves Maula Bux from this fate by means of one of the most telling of true incidents known in the lore of the elephant. It is typical, with an extra richness, of all that is in this book, for it is all woven of the really extraordinary things that are authentic concerning elephants.

#### THREE NOVELS.

"General Mallock's Shadow." By W. B. MAXWELL. (Hutchinson. 6s.)  
 "Mary Pechell." By MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES. (Methuen. 6s.)  
 "A Bottle in the Smoke." By MRS. MILNE RAE. (Hodder & Stoughton. 6s.)

TEXTURE and color in writing are among the greater mysteries of that esoteric craft—how are they achieved or missed? With one book we shall feel that a rich or delicate silk has flattered our fingers; with another, that our fingers have joylessly appraised some thick, unalluring cloth. "It will wear well," does the salesman murmur? "it is closely woven, and of double width." We listen, turn away—no purchase made; whether all these things be true or not, we do not want the merchandise. Yet from Mr. Maxwell we have had in other books, not silk indeed, but most attractive colored muslin, and an admirable dressing-gown, and a mourning garment of soul-rending black: "Vivien," "Mrs. Thompson," "In Cotton Wool," respectively. We fear that "General Mallock's Shadow" is a defective breadth of "In Cotton Wool's" black cloth. Studying, for that real achievement, the varying marks of mania, Mr. Maxwell noted for collateral study the man with a grievance; and, thrall no doubt to the publishing-seasons, "did" him for this one. "General Mallock's Shadow" has almost none of his qualities, and all of his defects. The truth is that Mr. Maxwell is a writer with a knack, and, like all such writers, when he is good he is quite good, but when he is bad he is silly. Worse, he is, in this book, unforgivably dull.

In "Mary Pechell," Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes seems rather to be preparing for a book than writing it. Very curious was the effect which, in this way, her story had upon us. We turned the pages, wondering when it was going to begin—and it never began. Things happened—or, rather, they had happened; but in so strangely remote a fashion that it was as if Mrs. Lowndes knew that they had taken place somewhere, somewhere, and was publicly debating whether or not they would make a novel. The characters do not lean out of the pages, and make the bar they lean on warm; the author leans over her desk, and talks about them. "Mary Pechell" is like a "descriptive paragraph" in 314 pages—like a pattern of the cloth, instead of the cloth itself.

Mrs. Milne Rae's "A Bottle in the Smoke" has a degree of amateurishness which, in a writer with two previous publications to her name, is somewhat surprising. It is a tale of Anglo-Indian life, and, at first sight, seems to be one with a "cause"—that of the Eurasian element in Anglo-Indian society, the cult of the half-caste, as one might say. The hero, Mark Cheveril, handsome and "high-souled," comes back from England to his native land, full of the fact, which he imparts to all and sundry, that he is a half-caste, for his mother, he has always believed, was an Indian Princess. The story is concerned with his trials and triumphs in this rôle of Eurasian in the Indian Civil Service, with his chivalrous adherence to his fellow-pariahs, and with his relations to the villain of the story, one Alfred Rayner, who, sordid and snobbish to the core, resents Cheveril's every action, and especially his friendship with Hester Rayner, Alfred's wife. Not very convincingly, but still with a measure of success, does Mrs. Rae lead us more than half-way through her book on this line of sympathy with the "mixed race." Then, with an effect so ludicrous as to destroy all sense but that of absurdity, she executes the quite seriously presented *volte-face* of first discovering to us Rayner as the real half-caste, and next, Mark Cheveril as the pure-bred white! This too is cloth, and cloth which the salesman, in offering it, has rent before our astonished eyes.

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